

## Kairos A Tom Riddle Story

by xiridescentadolescentx

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Summary: Every single action has an opportune moment, a time that is right for it to happen. In 1935, the moment was right for the social system to come crashing down around those that were at its head. The world seemed to change overnight for those in the Wizarding World, especially the Pure-Blood community. A war seemed to have begun, but really, it was only just the beginning, the first

## Kairos A Tom Riddle Story

\_\*\*The Book.\*\*\_

There had been something quite odd about that day, April 19, 1935. Northern Ireland's spring had been unusually dry, making the lush landscape a few shades too brown for anyone's liking. However, on that day a storm came in from the Atlantic, bringing heavy rains and harsh winds. The muggles would say that the storm was the savior of the crops that year, but others saw it as a sign for that was to come. The world seemed to turn on its head that day, at least, for the pure-bloods of the wizarding world. A war seemed to have started, one that would rage on for years to come.

And it all began at the Montgomery Estate.

Typically, whenever the Malfoys visited the Montgomerys it was a joyous occasion, accompanied by laughter and giggles, but things were different this time, very different. As soon as the heavy rains passed the adults ushered all of the children out of the house to play, telling them that they needed to stretch their legs. Children being children, they thought nothing of it. They were ignorant to the happenings inside the house, completely and blissfully unaware of how their lives would change from that day forward.

While the adults had their conversation inside the house, the backyard was filled with the giggles of children at play. They were playing tag, a favorite pastime of theirs. Of course, they didn't call it tag. Tag was the muggle name for the game and these children

were certainly not muggles. They were of two of the most elite families, the Montgomerys and the Malfoys. They had the some of the purest blood in the wizarding world and the wealth and power to show for it.

Of course, to the kids, their names were just names. At the time, they had no notion of how powerful a name could be, how a name could strike fear into the hearts of others, how a name could define their future. Oh, but they would soon.

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Sterling Montgomery smiled as the ground beneath her rain boots let out satisfactory squishing noises as she ran after the lanky boy in front of her. Light rain gently fell against her raincoat, but she didn't mind one bit. Sterling had been itching to come outside all day, but her mother, Elizabeth, wouldn't let her until the majority of the storm had passed.

"Abraxas, wait up!" Sterling sing-songed, hoping the blond would fall for her painfully fake tone. Of course, he wouldn't. Abraxas was an intelligent boy. He knew that she wanted him to pause so she could get him. It was a trick that she had used time and time again.

"Nope, not this time! You got to catch me Ster!" Abraxas replied, slightly out of breath, as he traipsed through Mrs. Montgomery's garden, leaving broken flowers in his wake. Crinkling her eyebrows, Sterling sighed when she saw what he did; the daffodils, her favorite flower, had been ruined.

Noticing Sterling took the moment to mourn over her beloved flowers, Abraxas turned quickly, running towards the house. "Sorry about your flowers, race you to the house!" Abraxas's voice zoomed past Sterling's ear.

Sterling was filled with a renewed zeal, and she turned on her heels to sprint towards her house. She hated to lose. Quickly getting over the loss of the daffodils, Sterling tried to catch up with the boy. They ran past Sterling's little brother, Louis, who was too preoccupied with the worms to be taking part in the game.

"Look Braxas, worms!" The six year old commanded as he held out a stick with a worm on it. Louis had a fascination with bugs, all sorts of them.

"Yeah, that's cool Lou," Abraxas nodded at the boy in approval as he zipped past. "Hey, why don't you show it to Sterling?" He called back, a small smirk played on his lips, knowing that it would slow the girl down.

"Okay!" Louis's blue eyes lit up with excitement as he watched his sister approach. "Look!" Louis commanded again and stuck the stick out towards her. Letting out a scream, Sterling jumped in the opposite direction. She shook her body for a moment, as if that would get rid of the germs she felt like she had gotten from almost coming in contact with the creature.

Eyes filling with anger, Sterling growled at her brother, "Why would you do that, Louis?" Normally, Sterling was a perfectly sweet sister

but when it came to bugs, she could be a pain. Plus, Louis's antics were making her fall farther behind Abraxas.

"Abraxas told me to." Louis shrugged meekly, seemingly unfazed by his enraged sister. An eight-year-old girl wasn't the most intimidating sight, even to a petite boy like Louis.

Huffing, Sterling nodded in response and began to tear down the cobblestone path that led to the house. Abraxas was already there, doing some sort of victory dance. He always loved to rub it in her face when he won, which he did quite often. Sterling let out an exasperated sigh and began to clunk up the stairs, clinging to the handrail, eyes trained on the steps underneath her. "That was not funny to have Louis -"

Sterling was cut short by a quick shush and a wave of Abraxas's hand. Surprised, she looked up to see the boy leaning against the patio door, a serious look marring his generally happy features. He was listening to something, and Sterling decided to follow his order to stay quiet. As quietly as her rubber boots would let her, she tiptoed next to her friend and pressed her ear against the door. The noises inside the house were a bit muffled, but it was clear that two men were yelling at each other, their fathers. The young girl bit her lip nervously, and Abraxas began to open the door. It opened with a slight pop, and the boy visibly cringed. He did not want them to get caught.

"Come on," Abraxas whispered, "I want to see what's going on." Swinging the door open a bit more, he stepped through a crack just wide enough to fit him. Then, he began to take off his boots, almost falling sideways as he did. "Take off your boots before you come in, you always forget."

Sterling watched Abraxas with an apprehensive look on her face, knitting her dark eyebrows together. "They'll get even angrier if they catch you." She attempted to reason as her fingers found a button on her coat nervously twisted and pulled at it.

Abraxas let out a small laugh and shook his head, "If they catch us."

Heart sinking, Sterling grumbled more to herself than to him, "That's what I was afraid you were going to say." Not bothering to argue with Abraxas because he always won anyways, the young girl stepped through the gap and took off her rain boots, which were splattered with mud.

The screams from down the hall were considerably louder since the pair was inside the house, but Sterling could make out no words besides the occasional 'Malfoy' or 'Montgomery'. She had never heard their fathers argue like this before. Sure, they would occasionally get into small spats, but this was on a totally different level.

Cocking his head to the left, Abraxas began to stride silently down the hall towards the family room, where the argument seemed to be coming from. Stopping just before the doorway, the blond slid down the wall to listen; even though he had been told time and time again that eavesdropping was bad, Abraxas couldn't help himself. Glancing back at Sterling, who still stood in the middle of her kitchen and

was looking at him with a dumbfounded expression, he waved her over.

The entire thing was a bad idea and Sterling knew it; she could feel it in her gut. And yet, she still found herself tiptoeing towards Abraxas, letting curiosity get the better of her. The children were not supposed to hear this conversation. That much was obvious in the way that the adults were speaking to each other.

"Get out of my damn house, Malfoy!" The hairs on Sterling's arms stood up as she listened to the acidity in Gideon Montgomery's voice. Her father was a generally docile man, especially when around family or friends, such as Percival Malfoy. The only thing that could rile him up this much was an insult to his reputation.

"Gladly," Percival hissed in return, "I wouldn't want to be near this half-blood family anyways." The comment seemed like a slap in the face to Sterling. Half-bloods? Her family was completely pure-blooded, or so she was told. Abraxas tensed ever so slightly as he turned to look at her, steel grey eyes filled to the brim with worry.

"It's just a book!" Sterling's father roared, making both children jump in surprise and return their gazes to the doorway, hoping to see a glimpse of what was happening inside the room. "There are so many inconsistencies! The Potters were left out also and they're certainly pure-blooded! We cannot take this book to heart."

Leaning forward, Sterling shook Abraxas's arm lightly to gain his attention. "What book are they-" Once more, Sterling was cut off by Abraxas with a soft \_shush. \_

"Simply because your family was left out does not mean that the book is inaccurate. Perhaps, you've even tricked yourself into thinking that you're a pure-blood, Gideon. It seems correct to me. All twenty-eight families included are noble, wealthy, and pure. The Montgomerys simply don't fit that description." As Percival spoke, his voice drew nearer. "Now, if you'll excuse my wife and I, we need to find our son and get him proper company." A white haired man turned the corner, coming face to face with two wide-eyed children.

Percival's face remained stony as he looked upon them. "Get up." He spoke gruffly to Abraxas, "You're not coming here any longer." Trained since he was born to obey, Abraxas stood quietly.

"Oh, but please Mr. Malfoy, don't make Abraxas leave!" Sterling stood also, a pleading look in her honey-colored eyes. The boy was her very best friend and it sounded to her like she wouldn't be seeing him for a very long time. Until this point, the longest she had got without seeing Abraxas had been a week. Percival's expression remained stoic, almost glaring at the girl.

"Sterling, come here." Gideon's voice sounded, an exasperated tone accompanying it. Casting a look at Abraxas, Sterling moved past the trio of Malfoys and to her mother and father. Before anyone had the chance to say anything else, Percival grabbed hold of his family members and apparated out of the house, leaving nothing but a \_pop\_ behind.

Both Sterling and Abraxas assumed that they would be reunited eventually, fights between their families didn't last long, but little did they know that eventually was going to be a lot longer than they had first anticipated.

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That day had been quite odd indeed. It was the day many children learned of the importance of their names and how it would affect them later in life. It was the day that friendships were lost and the pure-blood community was torn in two, the families included in the book against those that were left out.

It was the day that the effects of the Pure-Blood Directory, a book that named the twenty-eight families left in the world that had truly pure bloodlines, were felt. It was the day that had set the world up for disaster.

Pride sure was a powerful thing.

End  
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